

Heppner Weekly Gazette

Published Every Thursday.

HEPPNER OREGON.

Israel Zagwll says he doesn't approve republics. Now what is to be done?

It will be remembered, however, that the Maria Teresa always was subject to those severe sinking spells.

It used to be said the longest pole got the most persimmons, but it also holds good that the biggest poll gets the most plums.

This case of the Maria Teresa again emphasizes the remark of the American captain who said: "Don't give up the ship."

One good way to double up one's money when about to bet on the result of an election is to fold it in two and put it in the pocket.

"Dewey's cottoning" is the latest fashionable dance in New York. If it isn't misnamed it probably is too lively to be danced with comfort.

The owner of the \$1,700 found in a sleeping car recently has not appeared to claim his property. He probably imagines that he tipped the porter.

Spain has issued a mourning stamp. It must be affixed to all mail matter in addition to the regular postage. This regulation is what causes the mourning.

Tesla has invented a boat which requires no crew. The turning of a crank on the shore directs the boat. Tesla will probably act in the capacity of the crank.

The fact that the sale of tandem bicycles fell off 50 per cent last year is another indication of the tendency to go it alone which is characteristic of our people.

Mrs. Leslie Carter, who has failed for \$64,000, with \$200 assets, may or may not be elevating the stage, but she certainly has elevated finance to the level of the fine arts.

Supposing it's true this country drinks 1,000,000,000 gallons of beer annually, it seems to support the argument that excessive use of this beverage tends to produce large figures.

A rule has been adopted in New York for bidding the employment of married women as teachers in the public schools. The married women may be able to stand such a discrimination, but the blow will fall heavily upon some of the married men.

All the girls in Edwin Gould's New Jersey match factory struck for higher wages. "We don't propose to make matches for nothing," explained their leader. And she was right, too. If the girls want to make matches the boys should do the proposing.

A "gory toddy" drawn from the veins of a horse which has been kept in a state of beastly intoxication for a month and hypodermically injected into the anatomy of the victim of alcoholism is the latest cure announced for the drink appetite. If this new serum works as well as described, we shall soon see rum routed.

The recent fire at the capitol in Washington may ultimately be found to have wrought more benefit than damage if the object lessons which it has taught will be learned by Congress. The most important of these is that the Government should erect without further delay a hall of records for the safe keeping of the great volume of precatory documents such as those stored in the basement of the Supreme Court quarters and seriously menaced by the flames and water.

Men now living can remember when Rowland Hill effected the adoption of the "penny post" in England, and the vast progress it marked in human intercourse and information. To-day we stand upon the threshold of a penny post era, not only throughout the British empire, but in all the English-speaking world. It will be a time of mighty forward movements toward that intimate intercourse and sympathetic mutual knowledge that are the essential prelude to the brotherhood of man.

The political boss may well say, with Lord Clive, "Considering my opportunity, I am amused at my own moderation." Clive himself, walking through the treasury of the nabob of Bengal, with gold and silver and rubies and pearls piled on each side of him; with no power on earth to limit or question him, never enjoyed opportunities equal to those of a boss in a great city. That his very nod is Olympian is well expressed by a recent speaker: "If anybody refuses to give him the position which he thinks he is entitled, that person is likely to find an engine-house erected in his back yard."

One of the results of the late war between the United States and Spain will most likely be the abolition of that form of naval piracy which finds its justification in prize courts. In the military service of the civilized world the principle of looting conquered territory has long since been abandoned. Yet, through that strange contradiction which has not returned the navy in the same ratio in which the army has been brought under civilizing influences, not only did the merchant vessels carrying contraband goods fall a prey, but a valuation on the warships destroyed is bound to go to officers and sailors of the ships engaged in the fight.

Saturday Evening Post: The introduction of electricity in the street railroad service has seriously injured two great American industries, both closely related—the breeding of draft horses and the growing of hay. It is computed that the trolley and cable cars have displaced 250,000 horses in the cities of Philadelphia, Chicago, New York, Baltimore, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Richmond and Toledo alone. This means a decrease in the consumption of hay of more than thirteen hundred tons per day. Other cities would nearly double these figures. In the decade of 1880-1890 the hay crop of the United States nearly doubled; in the

period of 1891-93 the increase was only 1,000,000 tons; and in the calendar year of 1897 the production was more than five million tons less than that of 1893. The extent of the hay industry indicates the seriousness of electricity's injury. Last year the production from 42,426,770 acres was 69,064,876 tons, valued at \$401,890,728.

Gen. Greenly of the signal service, in his annual report, announces what may practically be called a new system of telegraphy, whose commercial utility promises to be of much value. This new and scientific method of telegraphy was discussed in last year's report under the title of "Synchronous" and was the subject of experiments at Fort Monroe, Va. Since then Prof. Albert C. Crehore and Lieut.-Col. George O. Squier have pursued their investigations, under the direction of the chief signal officer of the army, with gratifying results. The officers named visited England for the purpose of testing the new method of sign-wave telegraphy by the use of the alternate current. In England they were given every facility for experimenting over the government telegraph lines, and demonstrated that the new method works as well as at the rate of over 3,000 a minute over a line 1,100 miles long. By constructing transmitters for commercial purposes it is expected that much greater speed can be secured in cable service, a matter of great value to the commercial world.

The postoffice department is arranging for a considerable extension of rural free delivery. The enlarged appropriation for this purpose voted at the last session of Congress enables it to do so. Many communities which are anxious to share the benefits of this service have made known their wish to the department.

The selection among them is made with a view to benefiting the largest number possible with the available money. A law which went into effect on the first of July last permits the use of private mailing cards. Heretofore the postal card by the Government was the only one allowed. Now any one may put the address and a one-cent stamp on any card of about the same size, form and weight as the postal card, and write a message on the other side of the card. The Government will profit by the use of these cards, for it will save the cost of their manufacture, while the senders will be permitted to print on the message side any business devices, or views of scenery, such as travelers abroad like to mail to their friends. A reform which is to be hoped for is the introduction of stout, linen-lined stamped envelopes in which to send registered mail. Such envelopes are in common use in Europe, and are found to be a great convenience and much safer than our system of putting the stamp of registration on an ordinary envelope.

The language of diplomacy is always restrained, but while the words are carefully chosen so as to avoid unnecessary offense, every phrase has a definite meaning. When Lord Rosebery was prime minister in England there were signs that France had set her eyes upon the equatorial provinces in Africa from which the Egyptian garrisons had been withdrawn during the Sudan rebellion. He authorized Sir Edward Grey to declare, in 1895, that a French advance to the waters of the Nile would be regarded by the British Government as "an unfriendly act." In ordinary conversation these three words would not be emphasized by any stress of voice, nor would they ordinarily be accepted as a warning. The man who protests in advance against an invasion of his rights generally uses a stronger word than "unfriendly." He refers to it as a "wanton outrage," or as a "high-handed act of hostility." What diplomacy means by "an unfriendly act" is an offense committed by one Government against another, which involves immediate risks of war. When Sir Edward Grey's warning was unheeded, and the French flag was raised on the Upper Nile at Fashoda three years afterward, there was a grave situation. France had committed an offense against England, and was confronted by a demand that Marchand should retire from Fashoda. The terms of the demand implied forcible action if it was not complied with. President Monroe, who was a diplomatist like his Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, used the same word "unfriendly" in proclaiming the famous doctrine which bears his name. He declared that any attempt on the part of European powers to interfere with or oppress the independent republics of the American continent, or to control their destiny, could not be viewed "in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States." The phrase seems mild and lacking in emphasis. As diplomatists have understood the words, it has been strong and definite. The Monroe doctrine, with the warning implied by the single word "unfriendly," has sufficed for seventy-five years to protect the Western Hemisphere against European intrigue.

Charley Noble. Mythical personages are quite common at sea, from Davy Jones to Mother Carey. Perhaps they are necessary to vary the monotony of an ocean life. The Sun says that Charley Noble is the gentleman on board a man-of-war who is supposed to commit suicide whenever any one fires a pistol-shot into a galleys stovepipe to clean it from soot. This imaginary individual has been for years a stumbling-block to inexperienced paymasters' clerks, and sometimes he comes near to being a source of expense.

We took a new clerk down to the West Indies with us several months ago," said a paymaster, "and one day a shot was fired up the galley stovepipe. I rushed into my office in great excitement, and my clerk asked what was the matter. 'Charley Noble has committed suicide, poor fellow!' said I, 'and you must make up his accounts at once.' 'Then I went on deck, and took care to stand near several other officers. In a few minutes up came my clerk. He was very much agitated, and his voice could be heard all over the deck. 'There has been a mistake in my accounts, sir,' he cried. 'I have looked all through the list, and I can't find Charley Noble's name anywhere.' 'Everybody roared, and the clerk stopped to think the matter over.'

Nov. 7 Satisfaction. Residents of Ponce are changing the pronunciation of the name of the town to one syllable, "Ponce," because that of the United States, and they want to be like us. At the same time people of the United States are changing their pronunciation to "Pon-tha" because that's Spanish, and they want to appear well educated.

File. Build Nests. There is a fish found in Hudson Bay which absolutely builds a nest. This it does by picking up pebbles in its mouth and placing them in a regular way on a selected spot on the bottom of the bay, where the water is not very deep.

Icebergs. The icebergs of the two hemispheres are entirely different in shape. The arctic bergs are irregular in form, with lofty pinacles and glittering dunes, while the antarctic bergs are flat-topped and solid-looking.

THE CIGARS OF MANILA.

Now Much Better than Those Americans Used to Smoke.

Cigars and cigarettes are remarkably cheap, even in the face of the economic conditions that exist in the East. The cheapest cigars are sold for \$10 per 1,000, and the most expensive for \$100 per 1,000. Reduce that to a gold basis, and you find yourself wondering how they can be made for the money. The cigarettes are even cheaper. The cheapest grades retail for 14 and 24 cents Mexican per package of twenty-four and thirty cigarettes, and the grades in most common use sell at the factory for \$20 Mexican, or \$9.50 gold, per 1,000 packages of twenty-four and thirty cigarettes each.

The best cigars can be bought at retail at the cigar stands for 5 and 10 cents Mexican, and it is recorded that in the days of the monopoly a very fair cigar, as Manila cigars go, could be bought for 1 and 2 cents Mexican. The genuine Manila cigar of today is not known in the United States, and if ever it finds its way there it will at once spring into immense popularity. The old Manila cigar, short and stubby, or cone-shaped, is rapidly passing, and in its place modern cigars are being made. All of the modern shapes in vogue in Europe and America have been introduced since the monopoly ceased to exist, and anything that pleases the fancy may be had at the kiosks of Manila. The modern cigar, made of the best Cagayan or Isabela tobacco, is not as good as the Cuban product, but it will bear fair comparison with it, and is certainly the superior of scores of the domestic brands sold in the United States. The tobacco is milder, and there is no favoring introduced into it nor any chemical process resorted to in treating it.

There are 15,000 Americans in Manila now, and they take very kindly to the better grades of Manila cigars. The cigarettes are also made of pure tobacco. The entire industry has suffered on account of the inferior grades that are shipped from here, and Manila cigars have been unfairly condemned.

The average small native planter grows no more tobacco and does no more work than is absolutely necessary to earn a living. He plants in November and gathers in March, and in the interim raises what he needs for his house and farm. He has no other cares, and borrows none. He pockets the market price when the buyer arrives, and it keeps him until he comes again. He has to sort his leaves into five sizes and bundle them into manos, each of which contains 100 leaves, and there end his troubles. There are eight large and between fifty and one hundred small factories in Manila, and the former employ from 400 to 2,000 operatives each. In the manufacture of the better grades of cigars men and boys are employed almost exclusively, while on the cheaper cigars and cigarettes women are more generally employed. The former are, as a rule, paid on the piece system, while the latter are often contracted for in gangs, and answer to their employers only through the subcontractor. Wages vary, not only as to the grade of the cigars made, but as to the skill of the operatives, and there is a wide range in pay. Expert cigar-makers in the large factories can earn \$1 Mexican, or 45 cents on the gold basis, but the average is nearer to 75 cents Mexican, and among the children and less expert operatives wages range down to 20 and 30 cents Mexican per day.—Manila Correspondence Chicago Inter Ocean.

Slight Skirmish.

The war with Spain has served to popularize in common language many terms usually employed only in a military sense, and has frequently furnished the smart men of the press with a new figure of speech. "I shall have to ask you, Mr. Pad-don," said a city editor, looking over a large bundle of manuscript which a new reporter had turned in as a description of a trivial occurrence, "to deploy that stuff."

Pitiful Poverty in Russia.

Statistics just published show that in Russia only 347,268 families out of a population of about 130,000,000 souls have an income of over \$500 a year, or that practically more than 90 per cent are in a state of abject poverty and pauperism in their various degrees. The figures become appalling when one considers the case of the peasantry, which forms the overwhelming majority of the population. The average yearly income of a peasant family consisting of six members ranges from \$90 to \$75 a year, out of which between \$25 and \$35 has to be paid to the government in direct taxes.

What She Was.

In a New England graveyard there has lately been discovered an epitaph which leaves a wider scope for the imagination of the reader than almost any other which could be composed. A person straying through the little graveyard stopped and read the words on an old slate stone slab; two winged heads were carved above the epitaph: "Here lies the remains of Mary Ann Pratt: Words are wanting to say what. Think what a good woman should be; She was that."

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HE LIKED THEM.

A Mountaineer's Admiration for Women Was Ever Increasing.

I was riding along the road leading across Hurricane Gap, in the Pine mountain range, thinking of the peculiar people who lived in these fastnesses, when I was startled by a voice up the hillside calling to me to come up and give somebody a lift. I had no idea who owned the voice, but who ever it was was in trouble, and I responded and found a man of 60 or more caught by the foot under a fallen tree and unable to get away. He wasn't hurt, and I soon had him on his feet, and he insisted on my stopping further down the mountain and taking dinner with him. He lived in a well-kept cabin with his daughter, and after dinner we sat in the shade of a tree in the yard and he told me about himself.

"Air you married?" he asked, after he told me he was a widower. "No, but I hope to be some day," I answered, quite sincerely.

"You ought to be; every man ought to be; a man that ain't showin' a right feelin' to 'rds what the Lord's done for him; that ain't nothin' on the face uv God's green earth that is a patchin' to a woman, I don't keer what kind she is."

"You're hale and hearty yet," I said, "and I don't see why you don't take some of your own advice."

"Don't rove the mourners, mister," he said, waving his hand as he riding off my attack. "Don't you crowd the mourners. I'm ageratin' on ebery! yit which one to pick. I've been married four times, and every time my notions uv women has got so much higher that I'll be durned ef I don't kinder look forrerd to losin' a wife just for the satisfaction uv gettin' another one."

The idea was so entirely new that I was overcome by it.—Washington Star

He Laughed Last.

A story illustrating the old saying was told me the other day by an engineer officer, writes Arnold White in Harper's Weekly. In the course of his duties, which involved traveling over the country, he sent in a bill which contained a charge, "porter, 6d." The word porter is one of those dubious terms in the English language which are capable of two interpretations. One signifies the man who carries one's baggage at a railway station; the other is the form of black beer which is known under the name of "porter." When my informant, therefore, claimed a return of the sixpence he had expended he was told by the War Office authorities that alcoholic drinks were not to be included in the traveling allowance of officers. He rejoined that he was not claiming for alcoholic drink, but for the hire of a man to transport his baggage at a station. Upon which the sapient official rejoined that in future he should not claim for porter, but portage. On the next occasion on which this officer, who was a wag, was traveling on behalf of his country he sent in a bill which included the item, "cabbage 2s." The bill was promptly returned by the War Office authorities, with the statement that green vegetables were not to be included in the traveling allowance of officers.

The officer replied that he did not mean to imply that he had bought green vegetables, but that he had taken a cab, and that, as when he had asked for the hire of a porter he was instructed to call it portage, he could only presume that he was carrying out their lordships' wishes in claiming for the return of the sum he had laid down on the transport of his person and goods from the station under the head of "cabbage."

A Tiny Electric Motor.

A Western watchmaker has built the smallest electric motor in the world. It is so small that it does not cover a silver dime. The armature is about the size of a small state pencil, highly polished, and the commutator segments are also of the same metal, so that viewed from the side the distance the scarf-pin has the appearance of a very valuable and rather curiously designed pin. The first thing to attract the attention is the buzzing of the machine, which, by means of a current obtained from a small chloride of silver battery carried in the vest pocket, is kept in operation at a high rate of speed, and with a noise like a small nest of hornets. The field magnets of the little motor are made of two thicknesses of No. 22 sheet iron scraped down and polished. These are held together with gold screws and wound with No. 26 silk-covered wire. The armature is of the four pole type and is wound with No. 26 wire. The little brushes are of marvelous thinness, having been constructed with much patience and care. There is a small gold switch on a pin, to be worn on the lapel of the vest. The owner of this tiny motor has been asked to exhibit it in public, but is content with the homage paid to his talents in his native town, and refuses to show it publicly elsewhere.

Work of Its.

Rats are playing havoc with the underground telephone and telegraph cables in St. Louis. They have discovered that the wires are covered with paraffined paper, and they like the taste of their appetites they must gnaw through the lead casing around the wires. It has happened in a number of cases that the rats in gnawing through the lead cables to get at the gilded paper have bored the copper wires so that they touch each other and cross in such a manner as to make it impossible to establish communication over them.

Only Indian Twins Alive.

In Oklahoma Territory the other day twins were born to White Dove of the Osages. It has been the custom of Indians to strangle the weaker of twins shortly after their birth. White Dove refused to follow the custom of her people, and now is cut in the best Indian circles. She died with her babies to the agent at Ponce and so saved them both.

Elizabeth's Fortune.

The late Empress Elizabeth left a vast fortune. She had a much larger civil list than she ever spent, and her surplus income was judiciously laid out in purchasing property around Vienna, which was bought very cheap, but is now covered with buildings and enormously valuable.

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD PASSENGER.

I REMEMBER that multitudes of birds were singing butternuts and fawns were in bloom, and the misty globs of dandelions had gone to seed—for I picked some to blow away at one breath for luck. So it must have been on a June morning, in the year 185—, that I went over to play with the Sherman boys, and thereby met with a memorable adventure.

Finding the boys at leisure, a game of "spy"—or as we had it, perhaps by inheritance from our English ancestors, "hi-spy"—was presently arranged. We were "counted out" by our favorite formula, "Wire, brier, humber lock, six geese in a flock," and it fell to Tom's lot to blind.

Before his loud announcement of the first ten of the hundred—which he was so rapidly counting that there was but a continuous hum between the tens—Jim, Billy and I scattered in search of hiding-places. I was at no loss to find one, for I knew every nook and corner of the premises; and as neither of the others went that way, I tipped up the stairs that led to the hayloft over the stable. This place afforded a good outlook to the "goal," as well as a good hiding-place.

As I waded through the hay to the darkest corner, the figure of a man started up before me, nearly taking the breath out of me, so sudden and unexpected was the apparition. He seemed no less startled than I, and when, in the dim light, I made him out to be a negro, I guessed that he was a fugitive slave before his dialect made it apparent, as he whispered, anxiously, "Say, chile, is dis yer Mars' Abum Thorne's place?"

That was the name of my father, who was a zealous abolitionist, and whose house was well known by friends of the "cause," and suspected by enemies, to be a station of the Underground Railroad, concerning whose dusky passengers, often seen by us between their mysterious coming and going, my sister and I early learned to keep our own counsel.

It struck me at once that this fugitive could scarcely have made a gayer mistake than in coming to the Sherman barn. Only a little while before I had heard neighbor Sherman declare to my father that it was as clearly his duty to give up a runaway slave as to deliver a stray horse to its owner.

So I answered my interlocutor in a tone as cautious and more alarmed than his own, "No, no! It's the next house. But the can't go there now! Sherman's folks'll see thee! Thee must lie down an' let me cover thee up with hay, an' don't stir till I come for thee after dark. I'm Abraham Thorne's boy," I said, seeing that he hesitated a little.

Thereupon he lay down, saying as he did so, "I see willin' 'bout to rest, but I see powerful hungry, chile."

I carefully covered him with hay, hoping there was a good chance of his being safe from further discovery, for the horses were turned out to grass, and no one was likely to visit the loft for hay.

I had barely time to smooth off the covering before Tom Sherman sang out, "One hundred!" and the warning, "One, two, three, look out for me!" I stoved myself where he would be sure to find me before he could stumble on the hiding-place of the negro. Tom spied the other boys, and I got a safe run to the "goal," so that he had no occasion to search the loft. Hence I felt easy concerning the man for the present, except that it was at my wit's end for means to relieve his hunger, and grew so abstracted over the problem that I attracted the attention of my companions.

"What makes you look so down in the mouth, Tommy?" Bill Sherman asked. "Oh, nothin'," I answered, evasively; "only I'm so hungry, I believe I've got to go home and get something to eat. I guess I didn't eat as much breakfast as I ought to this morning."

The explanation might pass with those who had not witnessed my performance, but it was not needed by my playmates, for at the suggestion of hunger, each became aware of his own pangs—it being now near 10 o'clock. "Hurrah for something eat!" cried Tom. "Come on!" and he led the way to the kitchen door, where an appeal for relief was promptly responded to by good, motherly Mrs. Sherman, with a double slice of bread and butter and a doughnut for each of us.

I made a pretense of eating, not without an effort refraining from the reality, till Jim Sherman began to count the rest of us to better to cover. Then I crept noiselessly up the stairs and gave all my lunch to the negro. It made me hungry to see him eat, and I felt that I was making a great sacrifice for the "cause" in which my father was so earnestly engaged.

"I wish the'd come to our house instead of here," I whispered to the negro, as he sat up under the tent of hay, ravenously bolting the bread and butter.

"Tell ye what, honey," he answered, after a struggle to swallow a large mouthful, "from what de folks told me where I was stayin' yist'day, dis yer was de place, nigh as I could make out in dis dim 'o' de mawnin'—dis yer was de place."

"Well, we can't help it now. All the can do is to keep still till night."

Then Jim shouted warning, and I heard him coming cautiously up the stairs before my man was down and covered up again. But covered he was before Jim found me, and we rushed pell-mell for the "goal."

When the game was ended I went home, hungry enough, but quite unable to enjoy my dinner, for fear of the discovery of the runaway. I told my father of him at the first opportunity, and he was as anxious as I, as his countenance showed.

"I wouldn't have neighbor Sherman find him for anything, but thee did the best that could be done, my son, and there's nothin' for it but to wait till dark."

The commendation comforted me, and I proved myself a valuable trencherman at supper.

After nightfall I stole across the fields

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD PASSENGER.

to neighbor Sherman's, and all being quiet about the premises, I at once made my way to the loft, where I found my man just on the point of setting forth alone, so impatient was he of a longer stay in the dangerous precincts. We had crept cautiously downstairs and around the barn, not drawing a free breath till we got it between us and the house, when we heard a team driven rapidly to the door, and voices in low, earnest conversation. Then some one ran rapidly up the stairs to the left, and presently returned; whereupon the team was driven away in greater haste than it had come.

I did not understand it at all, and only felt sure that we had started none too soon. It was bright starlight, so we skulked along fences, which led us a roundabout way, till we came near our house, waiting among the pear-trees of the garden.

The kitchen door was open, my father standing in it, in silhouette against the candle-light, speaking in an earnest tone to two men who stood a little outside the threshold. Other figures stood at intervals around the house, very steadfast and alert, except one who seemed to be looking in our direction. "I tell you there's no one but my own family in my house," I heard my father say.

One of the men replied, "That's all very well, Mr. Thorne, but I can't take your word for it, when there's a nigger in the case. We shall have to search the house."

Then, with a terror that seemed to melt my leg-bones and take my heart of my body, I realized that our house was beleaguered by slave-hunters. The two men at the door pushed in past my father, while the others stood more

alert. The man who was looking our way moved toward us as directly as if he saw us, though the negro and I, by a common impulse, crawled quickly behind the trunks of two pear-trees a few feet apart.

On he came unerringly, until he was right between us, and I made out distinctly the tall, muscular form and red-bearded face of our neighbor Sherman. I expected to see him pounce upon a tiger on his prey, and wondered if a sudden attack in the rear by a 12-year-old boy could be of any avail.

He turned neither to the right nor to the left as he passed between us, nor paused as he whispered with sharp distinctness, "Go back to my barn and lay low till I tell ye!"

A few paces beyond us he turned about and passed between us again, repeating the whispered injunction, and going back to the house, look upon there, loudly enjoining vigilance upon the others.

The negro crawled away in range of his tree, on his hands and knees, as stealthily as a cat, and I followed as nearly as I could in like manner, till we gained the cover of a fence, looking back from which we saw the light shining from successive windows as the searching party moved from room to room, while the figures of the besiegers were dissolved and blotted out in the gloom.

We made our way back to the Sherman place with cautious haste, now startled by a ground-nesting bird bursting up from the grass before us, now making wide detours to avoid some dim object, which proved to be a harmless cow or stump, till at last we reached the left and lay down upon the hay, with a welcome sense of security in the place which I had lately deemed so dangerous.

Then as we rested and by degrees recovered natural breathing, my companion explained in whispers the mystery of neighbor Sherman's behavior.

"Long in the afternoon I was layin' kivered in de fodder a-wishin' mighty hard for nigh an' siffin' for to eat, an' I heard somebody come a-tromplin' up de stairs, an' he begin pokin' de fodder, an' me des nat'aly shakin' wid fear, outwef fast I knowed he hove de fodder clean off'n me. A monstrous big, ferce-lookin' man he was, wid a red bald—same man he was that came to us-uns ober yander, an' he bolter at me. 'What you doin' here?' You's a runaway nigger, dat's what you is!—'When I try for to speak, he say, 'Don't you tell me nuffin'. I don't want to hear a word out'n y' o' head. You had anything to eat since you been here?' An' I tol' him how you done fetch me a little speck in de mawnin', an' he went an' fetch me a heap 'o' whittles, an' he tol' me to lay still under de fodder under de dark come on an' den go to de nex' house an' not come back yere no mo', 'cause he ain't gwine for to have no runaway niggers run in de place. Deen he kiver me in de fodder, an' dat de las' I seen him ontwif he come on us-uns ober yander. Oh, he's a mighty curious man, dat he is."

I quite agreed in his opinion of neighbor Sherman, since he was acting in so unexpected a manner.

We lay quiet for an hour before we heard a cautious step ascending the stairs, and then neighbor Sherman's guarded voice, "If there's anybody here, they can go over to Thorne's now. The coast is clear."

With that he went downstairs, and we presently followed, and went over to our house, where all was quiet after the full search.

On the following night my father carried the fugitive to the next station northward, and we saw no more of him.

GUN COTTON.

Details of the Manufacture of a Violent Explosive.

The use of gun cotton in the charging of torpedoes and for other purposes has become so enormous that some account of its modern manufacture is of interest. Pure raw cotton or ordinary cotton waste, which is commonly seen in all places where machinery is used, is steeped in a solution of one part of nitric and three parts of sulphuric acid. It is the former that renders the substance explosive, the latter being used only to absorb the water, thus permitting the nitric acid to combine more readily with the cellulose of the cotton.

After being soaked several hours in the acids the cotton is removed and passed between rollers to expel from it the non-absorbed acid. The cotton is then thoroughly washed to remove any acid still remaining which would decompose the cotton if permitted to remain in it. This washing process is a long one, requiring machinery which reduces the cotton to much the same condition to which rags are reduced in a paper mill—a sort of pulp.

If it is to be used in the manufacture of powder the cotton is still further pulverized and is then thoroughly dried. If it is for use in torpedoes it is compressed into shapes that make it easy to pack into torpedo heads. The form varies greatly, sometimes being disk-shaped, sometimes cylindrical; again it is in flat squares and again in cubes.

The gun cotton when not compressed is light, about the weight of an equal bulk of common batting. Terrible as it is as an explosive, a brick of it when wet may be placed upon hot coals, and as the moisture dries off the cotton flakes and burns quietly. When dry, however, it will explode with great violence if exposed to a temperature of about 320 degrees.

It is usually fired by detonation, or an intense shock, which produces a more powerful effect than heat. In the torpedo the wet cotton is detonated by the explosion of dry cotton in a tube, which is fired by a cap of fulminate of mercury, which is, in turn, fired by the impact of the torpedo against the hull of the vessel toward which it is discharged.—Chicago Record.

Spanish Wooden Bullets.

It is well known that Spanish soldiers in Cuba were poor marksmen, but great surprise has been expressed, says the Scientific American, at the remarkable lack of execution which characterized their fire at Guantanamo and Santiago, and an officer of the United States gunboat Montgomery has been able to throw some light on the matter. He visited the Maria Teresa after the destruction of Cervera's fleet in search of souvenirs. He found a large number of Mauser cartridges in groups of five ready to go into the magazines of the guns, and if the entire Spanish army and navy were equipped with that kind of ammunition both Cervera and Toral were amply justified in surrendering when they did. The cartridges consisted of a metal shell loaded with hair and a sprinkling of powder. The bullet was of neither brass nor lead, but of wood. Some army contractor had imposed on the ordnance bureau of the Spanish navy, but to what extent the wooden Mauser bullets were used will probably never be known.